PHOTO: A J PANDIAN, K. M. HALL, TANJORE, S INDIA.

"Hath not the potter a right over the clay, from the same lump to make one part a vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"—Romans 9: 21.

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14 AUG 1929

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. II. JULY 1929. No. 12

THE MAIDEN AND THE RING-DOVE

The stir in the garden says, 'tis going to rain,
Trees shiver, as warned, and expecting the shower;
And thou, with book open, who look'st o'er the plain,
Are thy thoughts with the absent and dear at this hour?

Down there, with wings folded, wet, cowering in shade,
As banished from scenes that she sees with her eyes,
Calls a dove on her mate; her cry fills the glade,
While wistful she looks at the clouds in the skies.

Let it rain: oh hearts lonely and tender, that love!
There's so much that revives in the storm and the rain.
Do roses need naught but bright sunlight above?
They bear and they wait: should ye mourn and complain?

FROM TORU DUTT'S
"*A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*".

ART

AT the very outset, let me say that I do not presume to know much about this subject. If you ask me, "What is art?" I can only wonder and say, "I do not really know."

Art, however, has some wonderful unconscious appeal for us, or at least, for most of us. When we see a real work of art, we feel all the better for it; and our faith in the goodness which exists in the world, and in the joy and rapture which abound all around us, is strengthened. Some strange feeling of happiness enters into us, and stays with us, when we feel that the artist has entered into the very soul of that which he has produced. We are grateful to the man, who has striven to understand the innermost meaning of anything and given us a

glimpse into the world of imagination and reality combined, which will linger long within us.

> "Music, when sweet voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory—"

says Shelley, expressing what I have been trying to say.

I have lately been reading essays on Art by three great men, Ruskin, Emerson and Tagore, who are artists in their own world; and I thought it would be interesting to compare the points of view of these authors from three different nations.

Let us take a few points from Ruskin, the Englishman, who has written a great deal about Art; and about individual artists. He says that ordinary mortals, who are not artists, find it hard to understand the inner soul of nature, and therefore, they call upon the artist, and say—"Come between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me; temper it for me, interpret it to me; let me see into your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit."

Thus, the artist interprets the inner meaning of Nature to us. As Wordsworth says:—

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

He seeks to depict "true or inspired ideals, seen in a moment to *be* ideal; that is to say, the result of all the highest powers of the imagination, engaged in the discovery and apprehension of the purest truths, and having so arranged them as best to show their preciousness and exalt their clearness."

The first condition of art, Ruskin says, is the "mimetic instinct." Some people—artists—are endowed with the gift of imitating the things they see around them. The second condition is to reveal to mankind the imagination which works in the mind of the artist, and especially, to reveal God, "To make in some way tangible and visible the nature of the gods—to illustrate and explain it by symbols; to bring the immortals out of the recesses of the clouds, ... to bring back the dead from darkness . . . ."

The third condition is "the development of the creative power", to arrive at a perfect reproduction of physical truth. "But," Ruskin goes on to say, "all the search for physical accuracy is merely the external operation in the arts, of the seeking for truth in the inner soul."

Emerson, the American, depreciates imitation in art. "In our fine arts," he says, "not imitation, but creation, is the aim." The moment art is an imitation, it ceases to be art.

Like Ruskin, Emerson says that the ordinary mortal needs an artist to interpret the beauties of nature to him. "It has been the office of art," says he, "to educate the perception of beauty; we are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision." We are also apt to see too much of the whole, and "the virtue of art lies in detachment, in sequestering one object from the embarrassing variety." "A squirrel leaping from bough to bough, and making the wood but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not less than a lion, is beautiful, self-sufficing, and stands then and there for nature." "Excellence of all things is one," therefore, there is a wonderful unity in all art, for it speaks of an Almighty God. "The reference of all production at last to an aboriginal Power explains traits common to all works of the highest art,—that they are universally intelligible; that they restore to us the simplest states of mind; and are religious."

Art exists everywhere. Creation itself is a work of art. "A great man is a new statue in every attitude and action. A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad. Life may be lyric or epic, as well as a poem or romance."

"Art must not be a superficial talent, but must begin further back in man. Now, men do not see nature to be beautiful, and they go to make a statue which shall be. They abhor men as tasteless, dull, and inconvertible, and console themselves with colour-bags, and blocks of marble. They reject life as prosaic, and create a death which they call poetic. They despatch the day's weary chores, and fly to voluptuous reveries. They eat and drink, that they may afterwards execute the ideal. Thus is art vilified."

Now, let us turn to Tagore, and see what he says about art. According to him, our life is made up of three necessities. The first is physical, where we have to consider the needs of our body. The second is our mental need, which seeks to reason out things, and the third is our personal need. Art is an outcome of this last necessity.

Animals know the bare necessities of life; but man has a surplus knowledge, both physical as well as moral. He has enjoyment, and freedom through enjoyment. He can also express his feelings. "Man has a fund of emotional energy, which is not all occupied with his self-preservation. This surplus seeks its outlet in the creation of Art, for man's civilisation is built upon his surplus."

The beauty of the world is revealed in art in its personal relation towards us. "Repetition of the facts that the sun is round, water is liquid, fire is hot, would be intolerable. But a description of the beauty

of the sunrise has its eternal interest for us,—because there, it is not the fact of the sunrise, but its relation to ourselves, which is the object of perennial interest."

Like Emerson, Tagore says that "the true principle of art is the principle of unity." Art looks on the world as a personal friend, and not from a materialistic point of view.

But, the main point of all art is the revelation of the Infinite. "In India, the greater part of our literature is religious, because God with us is not a distant God; He belongs to our homes, as well as to our temples." Therefore, in all our Art, we speak of the Infinite Being, for we see His face everywhere. Our life is made up of the finite and the infinite. "This infinite side of man must have its revealments in some symbols which have the elements of immortality." "This building of man's true world,—the living world of truth and beauty,—is the function of Art." The personality of God creeps into man, and therefore, man leaves signs on his works of art, which say, "Hearken to me, I have known the Supreme Person."

This then, seems to be the main point which all three artists, Ruskin, Emerson, and Tagore emphasise, that true art reveals the Infinite in man. Is it any wonder that the production of true Art is becoming less and less in modern days, when man is too busy with the material world to give thought to the immaterial side. "In Art, the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts." But we, in our endless craving for pleasure, are blind to the beauty around us, and cannot understand its inner meaning.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

VICTORIA,

As Mother, Wife and Queen

"OF the making of books there is no end," was the lament raised more than two thousand years ago when there was no printing press and no necessity to live by writing. What would be the feelings of the man that raised the lament, if he lived to-day, "when novel succeeds novel, speculative treatise speculative treatise, in breathless haste, each treading upon the heels of its predecessors"? Only thirty years ago, Augustine Birrell, addressing in Edinburgh a company containing many young people, congratulated himself that he had far gone in middle life and professed great sorrow for those who had fifty years still to live. Although it was naturally expected of him that he would feel sorry for

his own plight and heap congratulations on the youthful portion of his audience, he was in no mood for such polite foolery, when he considered the astounding output of books. He said " When I think of the ever-increasing activity of the press, home, foreign and colonial, the rush of money into the magazine market, the growth of what is called education, the extension of the copyright laws and the spread of what Goethe somewhere calls 'the noxious mist, the dropping poison of half culture,' so far from congratulating those of you who are likely to be alive fifty years hence, I feel far more disposed to offer these unlucky youths and maidens my sincerest condolences, and to reserve all my congratulations for myself."

At this time, a man who writes a portable book on any subject does a great service to the reading public. There was a time when a biography could not be conceived of except in two portly volumes. But we are, of late, being treated to excellent accounts of great men and women in small single books.

Queen Victoria had died just twenty years before Mr. Lytton Strachey published his masterly study of her life and reign. Tennyson had written even when she was alive that " a thousand claims to reverence closed in her as mother, wife and queen." The Queen was the mother of nine children and she was a stern mother too. She watched the minutest details of the physical, intellectual and moral training of all her children. At the time of her death, no fewer than thirty-seven of her great-grandchildren were living, and her rule over them all was quite maternal, but autocratic. Her passionate interest was aroused by the concerns of even the youngest of them ; and the oldest were treated as if they were children still. Once, the Prince of Wales came too late for a dinner party owing to no fault of his. He was so much afraid of his mother that he had no courage to join the party. He stood behind a pillar, wiping the sweat from his forehead and trying to nerve himself to go up to his mother, and when at last he did so, she gave a nod so stiff that he at once disappeared behind another pillar and remained there until the party broke up ! When this incident took place, the Prince of Wales was over fifty years of age ! Despite her autocratic sway, she was adored by all the members of her family. They gathered round her with sorrow and affection when she was in her last moments.

The Queen's married life did not begin well. Her husband soon found out that he could have no control of any kind over his sovereign wife. Her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was, in effect, her Private Secretary and thus controlled her whole political existence. When five years old, she had been placed under the charge of the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman and that woman now reigned supreme over her

private life. Her husband, Albert, soon perceived that he was a cipher both politically and domestically. The relationship between the royal couple was made worse by the difference they had in their tastes. Albert had been brought up to a regime of Spartan simplicity and early hours, and he consequently found the great functions of the court intolerably wearisome. He would invariably nod on the sofa at half-past ten, while the Queen would dance through the night until the sun rose behind St. Paul's and the towers of Westminster. He liked to spend the evenings in company with distinguished men of science and literature, but Victoria had no fancy to encourage such people. Occasionally, between the husband and the wife, there was something more than mere irritation. One story of such a struggle survives to this day, although it is unauthenticated and perhaps mythical. One day, the Prince in anger shut himself up in his room and Victoria in as much anger knocked on the door for admission. "Who is there?" asked the Prince. "The Queen of England" responded Victoria. The husband would not open and again there was a hail of knocks. The question was repeated and the same answer was returned. This took place many times. At last, there was a pause and then a knocking much gentler. "Who is there"? came again relentlessly and this time the reply was, "Your wife." And the door opened immediately. A year or so later, the influence that marred Albert's domestic peace was removed, the appearance of children in the royal household perhaps contributing to the removal. Victoria soon surrendered her whole soul to her husband. She now found in him a beauty and a glory, which made him good and great. She no more set up her will against his wisdom, her ignorance against his knowledge and her fancies against his perfect taste. She, who once loved London and late hours and dissipation, now frequented the country, rose up betimes to walk with her husband before breakfast and learnt from him all about birds and trees. The Prince also now began to take great interest in the affairs of the State. In the winter before the dawn, he would seat himself at his writing-table and work by the light of the green reading-lamp, which he had brought with him from Germany, and the Queen would, in the chill darkness, take her seat at her own writing-table, placed side by side with his, to inspect and sign the pile of papers neatly arranged by him for that purpose. The early discords had completely passed away. "Love took up the glass of time and turned it in his glowing hands, and every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands."

The husband and wife co-operated with perfect harmony in all matters concerning them. The Prince concentrated his interests most vigorously on his children, and in this he was heartily joined by the Queen. In the exacting business of Government, she had the co-operation of her husband. Albert worked from morn till night, and every day was a day

of unremitting industry. Twenty years of such toil is bound to affect the health of any man. A handsome youth twenty years before, Albert now looked a tired and careworn man. In 1861, he was confined to bed by acute rheumatism. His last days are pathetically recorded by Mr. Lytton Strachey. "The restlessness and the acute suffering of the earlier days gave place to a settled torpor and an ever-deepening gloom. Once the failing patient asked for music—'a fine chorale at a distance', and a piano having been placed in the adjoining room, Princess Alice played on it some of Luther's hymns, after which the Prince repeated 'The Rock of Ages.' Sometimes, his mind wandered; sometimes the distant past came rushing upon him; he heard the birds in the early morning and was at Rosenau again, a boy; or Victoria would come and read to him 'Peveril of the Peak', and he showed that he could follow the story and then she would bend over him and he would murmur 'liebes Frauchen' and 'Gutes Weibchen', stroking her cheek." One morning it seemed he would recover, but as that morning wore to evening, he became worse, and late in the evening Victoria shrieked—one long wild shriek that rang through the royal castle—understanding that she had lost her husband for ever. That star, which had shone so close beside her for twenty-one years that both had made one light together, now passed away leaving the crown a lonely splendour. The shadow of loss darkened the remainder of Queen Victoria's life; for, although she survived the loss for as many years as she had lived before it, the history of these years is not as rich in her activities. She became so much affected in the first dreadful moments that it was feared she might lose her reason altogether. But, the violence of her sorrow gradually abated with her feeling that, for the good of the country, she was bound to bear alone the burden of toil that her husband had helped her to bear.

As Queen, Victoria was a tremendous force in Home and International Politics. On the 20th June 1837, when she was summoned to the throne, she wrote in her diary, "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." She was then almost entirely unknown to the public at large, not only to the public, but also to the inner circles of statesmen and officials and highborn ladies. It was from a deep obscurity that she emerged; but, when she did so, she created an immediate and profound impression. At her first council, she caused astonishment and admiration, and the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, even the savage Croker, and the cold and caustic Grenville, were carried away. She was found to be quick in her perception, sensible in her decisions and discreet in her

language. One of her ministers hoped that she might prove an Elizabeth without her tyranny, and an Anne without her weakness.

During her long reign, which covered a period of sixty-three years and a half (the longest that a sovereign of England has been blessed with), she had many a Prime Minister to deal with, and there was not one of them but felt that he had to reckon with the Queen in the discharge of his duties. Even Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, whose control over her was once so much resented, had to change the habits of his life to suit himself to the rigidity of the court etiquette. His opponent and successor, Sir Robert Peel, suggested a change in the composition of the royal household, but met with a stubborn opposition from the Queen. "Now, Madam, about the ladies", began Sir Robert, and had instantaneously for an answer, "I cannot give up *any* of my ladies." "What, Ma'am!" continued Sir Robert, "Does your Majesty mean to retain them *all*?" "All," said the queen. "The Mistress of the Robes and the ladies of the Bed Chamber?" "All" replied once more Her Majesty. The Queen was adamant and in vain did Peel plead and argue, dancing a pathetic minuet. She communicated to Lord John Russell more than once her strong disapproval of the manner in which his Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, went about his work. She would not let Lord Palmerston forget that she was the Queen of England and would not tolerate a state of affairs in which despatches written in her name were sent abroad without her approval or even her knowledge. She pitted the Crown against the power of her ministers, and we might well imagine that, if her husband had lived longer, the democratic forces in the country might have rallied together under a Gladstone or a Bright and a struggle might have ensued in which the Monarchy would have been shaken to its foundations.

Victoria had become a widow, Lord Palmerston's queer metallic laughter had ceased to be heard and Lord John Russell had fallen into decay, when a new scene opened with two new protagonists, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, struggling together in the limelight.

As years passed, the temper of Victoria's mind altered. During the twenty-one years of her married life, the power of the Crown steadily increased, but thereafter she had to deal with a series of great Ministers, who would not permit England to have "the blessings of absolute Government." At the end of her reign, the Crown was weaker than at any other time in English history. But strangely enough while the power of the sovereign diminished, the prestige of the sovereign grew enormously. This prestige was in splendid evidence, when the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was celebrated throughout the British Empire.

The Queen set herself even against the emancipation of women. Reading one day a report of a meeting in favour of women's suffrage,

PHOTO : R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

MRS. KAMALABAI
NARAYAN DWARKANATH VIJAYAKAR,
of Malad, who is the first Deccani lady to become a
Member of the Suburban District School Board.

she wrote—" The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join in checking this mad folly of "*women's rights*", with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. God created men and women different; then let them remain each in their own position. Tennyson has some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in 'The Princess.' Woman would become the most hateful, heartless and disgusting of human beings, were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex?"

The evening was golden, but the day was to close in cloud and tempest. England became involved in a war with South Africa. The nation was for a moment shaken and the distresses caused by the war to the public were felt with incessant solicitude by the Queen. While yet the war was on, she died. She had never been more popular with her subjects than at the time of her death. In the words of the poet to whom her royal grace gave the laurel in 1850, it may truly be said that, when she left the world to be set by God's love at the side of her dear Albert, she was encompassed by the love of all her sons, cherished by the love of all her daughters and comforted by the love of all her people.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

WESTERNIZED INDIAN WOMEN

THE human mind is generally inclined to notice the evils which result from a great catastrophe and seldom take into account the good. Hence, when we think of the World War, we seem to call to mind the great destruction of art and the appalling waste of human life; but we forget that the Great War resulted not only in such devastation, but also in rejuvenating old Europe, in releasing new thought currents and in quickening the spirit of nationalism throughout the world. India also has come in for some of these benefits of the World War; for over a decade now she has been under the sway of intense nationalism. Hence it is that we find the modern life of India being severely criticised by many nationalists in and out of season. Even the group of educated women, though very small in number, has not escaped criticism from such sources. It is commonly said, for instance, that the modern educated woman in India is too 'Anglicised,' that she looks to the West for inspiration, that Indian culture and literary traditions do not count for much with her, that her fond dream is that India should some day be a replica of Europe and that every thing that is worth doing in India, should be done on Western lines.

Though I am prepared to accept that our educated women are to a large extent denationalized, I am unwilling to admit that our educated men are free from such Westernization. In other words, I am not inclined to believe that the educated women of India are more Europeanized than the educated men of India. Having been put through the same mould, we have come out more or less alike. Real Indian culture is found among the masses untouched by European civilization, if it is to be found anywhere, and not among the classes of men or women educated on Western lines. That which has caused this difference between the classes and the masses is the system of education introduced into India by the British in the early part of the nineteenth century. Whether we recognize it or not, every educational system is supposed to have some objectives, and an important purpose of the system of education introduced into India, was the training of Indian men for service in the administration of the country.

In support of the above, I may quote the following paragraph from the paper on "The Political Tendency of the Different Systems of Education in Use in India", submitted by Sir C. Trevelyan to the Parliamentary Committee of 1853: "The spirit of English literature on the other hand cannot but be favourable to the English connection. Familiarly acquainted with us by means of our literature, the Indian youth almost cease to regard us as foreigners. They speak of our great men with the same enthusiasm as we do. Educated in the same way, interested in the same objects, engaged in the same pursuits with ourselves, they become more English than Hindus, just as the Roman Provincials became more Romans than Gauls or Italians. They daily converse with the best and the wisest Englishmen through the medium of their works; and form perhaps a higher idea of our nation than if their intercourse with it were of a more personal kind. This class is at present a small minority, but it is continually receiving accessions from the youth who are brought up at the different English schools."

Education, therefore, during the last century or more has resulted in developing a class of Indians more English than the English themselves, and in divorcing this class from the masses, since the filtration of Western culture through such medium became impossible on account of its alien nature. It also resulted in divorcing these educated men from women, for whom such education was then thought unnecessary. Thus, the educated men began to form a class by themselves and to make up the army of devotees of Western civilization, and, it was a pity that that class had not much faith in Indian culture, nor much use for its spiritual values. Later, when this type of education was extended to the women of the land, could it have resulted in producing women, Indian in culture and manner of living? Our present system of education could no more produce such women than an apple tree could produce mangoes. If our educated women are too Europeanized in

thought and habits, it is the logical outcome of the system of education provided for them. It is necessary, therefore, not simply to find fault with the educated Indian women, but to reorganize their education with definite Indian objectives.

Some months ago in his address before the Women's Indian Association in Madras, the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri maintained that women should be given the same type of education as is provided for men. In my humble opinion, he seems to have overlooked the facts that the present system of education, to begin with, is not quite fit for our men, to say nothing of the women, and that nature has endowed men and women with different instincts and talents for their different functions in social and national life. Any educational system, which fails to take into account the distinctive functions of men and women, is bound to result in an unsexing of sex, and in upsetting the plan and purpose in the economy of nature. It is even more important that women should be educated on national lines than men, since women have been destined by nature to be the conservators of the race and its heritage. Rightly does an educationist declare that, when you educate a man you educate an individual, but when you educate a woman you educate a whole family. Moreover, by nature, women form the conservative element in society; they do not readily take to new ideas or adapt themselves to new ways. Therefore, if our women are to uphold Indian ideals and culture, their education must be fundamentally Indian.

It is true that Indian women also should develop like Western women, but that does not mean that Indian women should adopt Western thought and culture. There is, no doubt, much that we can learn from the West, but it is supremely important that a race must maintain its racial individuality. Therefore, what is really necessary, in my opinion, is a thorough overhauling of our educational system in all its aspects. It must be so Indianized, as to revive India's culture and popularize Indian ideals; only then can we expect our education to produce the desired type of Indian womanhood. For the solution of this vital problem we need now men and women with larger vision and broader outlook to help in the working out of a system of education related to India's cultural past. India cannot afford to lose her cultural nationality, and therefore, our national education must be an expression of India's historic genius. Any system of Indianized education must help India, not only to regain her place among the nations of the world, but also to become the teacher of the world in the future, as in the past, of all that is noblest and highest in life.

RATNAM KUMARAPPA.

N.B.—Every true Indian must necessarily agree with Mrs. Kumarappa in her opinion that Indian women should be educated on national lines. But surely, Indian men also must be educated in the same way. I say this, because the writer of the article claims that it is more important that women should be educated on

national lines than men. But, if there is to be true companionship between men and women, they must both be educated in the same direction.

Mrs. Kumarappa argues that it is not right merely to point out that Indian educated women are too Westernized; action is necessary to make them less so. This is true; but how can practice evolve without theory? The one cannot be divorced from the other. Theory points out; practice tries to work out.

Moreover, surely it is rather sweeping to say that the present system of education can never produce true Indian culture. Why should it not? For one thing, a true study of Western literature ought really to produce a desire to study the literature of one's own nation. If Mrs. Kumarappa will allow me to say so, I think the fault lies more with us for being too Westernized. Of course, the very fact that English was the language most concentrated upon in examinations, made matters very difficult; but the fact remains that Vernaculars were not disallowed.

Besides, what sort of action is necessary? That is for the women themselves to decide; and I assert that they are quite capable of independent action. In these days of modern thought, Indian women can surely chalk out a line for themselves in social and educational matters; and it is an inevitable conclusion—that their men will follow them sooner or later, in some matters at least. "Men must work and women must weep", said Tennyson. He might have added that, in the intervals of *weeping*, there would be a good deal of time for *thinking* and *theorizing*, for which the workers will not have much leisure.—*Editor*, '*I.L.M.*'

THE BRAHMIN WIDOW

THERE is perhaps no Brahmin house in India without a widow, and there is no widow but cherishes a sorrow in her heart. Those, who have been widowed in the cradle, have a voiceless grief. They may smile and appear happy when they grow up, but they always bear a speechless tragedy to their graves. Some old widows often rule the house like melancholy queens, striving to forget how utterly society has forgotten them. They can, however, never utterly forget, although their relations, eager to give them some respite from sorrow, often submit to them in most domestic matters.

On the eleventh day of her husband's death, the barber comes and shaves the widow's head completely. The frosty *Sastras* breathe the command that no widow may grow hair on her head. If the child-widow is allowed to retain hers till she becomes a pretty girl, she only feels the pang of loss the greater.

Some widows have been left children by the mercy of God. Then, they are happy in the lives of their dear ones. There is perhaps no mother in the world that loves her children so utterly as the Brahmin widow does, but she often loves them most erratically. However, many widow's sons have been known to make good in life.

Is there another country in the world where a woman's head is so shorn? But India is the land of cosmic beauty, of cosmic grief. India is a sphinx. In olden days, the widow plunged into the funeral pyre of her husband. The British rulers of India said that she must no longer do so. Yet, to some extent, the symbol of death that *suttee* was, still holds sway. The widow still undergoes a sort of extinction, when her

husband dies and her head is shorn. The Brahmins are a highly civilized race, but their affections are unequally divided between the country's politics and the home's urgencies.

The Brahmin widow is often a sweated labourer. I remember widows whom I have met. One widow was not married six months before her husband died. From that day for twenty years she lived in a darkness that kept its own counsel. Whispers pursue the children of the dark. In a silly season, things were said about her and she had to come forth into the world. Now, she comes and goes before the eyes of people, working for wages and living honestly.

Another comes to my memory. Widowed almost in her infancy, she grew up with her brothers and sisters. Young men came and took the sisters away with feast and song. Happy girls with round cheeks and shy eyes came and claimed the brothers for themselves. They forgot all about her. She, therefore, borrowed a pot to take buttermilk to the next village and sell it there for her bread. She sold buttermilk for twenty years, putting the little pies of gain one upon another lovingly. It was not a small pile for a lonely widow, and when the end of her days was drawing near she wrote a will giving all her oblivious relations a hundred rupees each.

Who can escape the happiness of the earth? Even the childless widow is sometimes happy. How often does she become a pilgrim and soothe her soul with songs of piety! How often does she launch her 'sins' on the waters of the Ganges and come away 'free!' How often is she happy in isolation from the stress and stir of the world! How often does she forget her woes in willing service!

If there is joy in sorrow, a bliss in every distress, there is the Brahmin widow of India to tell it to those who doubt it.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

THE KOYAS (AN INDIAN TRIBE)

TUCKED away in the north-eastern corner of this Presidency, between the Godavari and the hills, lie the taluks of Bhadrachalam and Nugur. The country is hilly and densely-wooded and abounds with good shooting. The people of the two taluks are, except for a few settlers from the plains, a hill-tribe known as the Koyas, of whom little is known and that not very accurately. The exigencies of public service sent the present writer to Bhadrachalam for two years, during which period he had very good opportunities of knowing the Koya, and he proposes to set down here some of the impressions he has formed of this tribe of men.

Ethnologically, the Koyas claim kinship with the Khonds of the Central Provinces and there is no doubt that they are quite distinct from the Telugus (or the Andhras as they probably should be called these days). The Koyas are short, sturdy, little creatures with a dash of the Negroid blood in them, which makes them rather attractive. The average Koya is brown-skinned, though here and there you come across golden-hued men and women; of one such the present writer has distinct recollections, of a Koya maiden who sailed into his ken on a hot afternoon with a complaint of desertion by her lord and master. She reeked of arrack and sweat, but her teeth were like pearls, and she was golden-hued. Like most jungle-tribes, the Koya contents himself with the minimum of clothing, and very often a man's dress consists of a string of red beads round his neck and a loin cloth. The women affect gold and silver ornaments of a very primitive kind.

Like all aboriginal tribes, the Koya is gregarious. A Koya village is a cluster of huts of mud and bamboo wattle in a clearing in the forest. The tribal laws and rules are strict and a Koya would sooner commit suicide than break any of them. He fancies himself a cut above the rest of humanity, as can be seen from the fact that he is usually addressed as Koya-dorai and his Missus as Doraisany. The Koyas are very particular about caste and will not eat food cooked by non-Koyas, and there is no known case of a Koya man or woman having married any one but a Koya. The head of the village, or the Pedda-Kapu as he is called, corresponds to the Roman patriarch. He lays down the law on all matters mundane, and the rest of the village obey him; he decides all family disputes, settles marriages, outcastes the wrongdoers; he divides the land among the villagers and acts as their representative in their relations with Government and the outside world. And, as the average Koya is an honest and truthful person, this arrangement works satisfactorily. As an example of their truthfulness, the following will suffice: a Koya was being tried for murdering another: the case was that he surprised his wife in infidelity and despatched her by a blow with a crowbar: in the course of the trial the Judge asked the accused whether he committed the offence with which he was charged, and he replied "Of course, I did. Wouldn't you have done the same in similar circumstances?" The Judge had hardly expected an answer of that kind; he couldn't imagine his wife or himself in similar circumstances; but the answer of the Koya shows his innate love of truth.

The Koya language is a mixture of Telugu, Tamil, and monkey language. The presence of Tamil words is something of a mystery, but there is no doubt they are Tamil. The Koya word for bed is 'Kattil', same as the Tamil word; one's son is called 'Maka'; 'Ba' (Tam. *va*) means 'come' and so on. Not being a philologist, I am unable to explain these things. Perhaps some of the distinguished readers of this magazine may be able to tell me.

For a living, the Koya follows the chase and when he is tired of that turns his hand to agriculture. His idea of cultivation is very primitive; in the olden days he used to cut down entire forests, burn them, and cast cholam seeds into the debris, and trust to the Almighty to do the rest; the resultant damage to forests was pretty extensive; and Government have now prohibited this method of cultivation. The Koya is now obliged to confine his cultivation within recognised limits, which is a perpetual source of complaint with him. His instinct for tracking wild animals is unerring, and often has the present writer followed the Koya in pursuit of game, and if the result has not been always a success it was never the Koya's fault.

In the words of the prohibitionist, "The Koya is addicted to drink". Man, woman, and child—all drink. The toddy-season is the happiest time of the year for the Koyas. Then

"They lie reclined
Under the palmyra trees like gods together, careless of mankind,
For they lie beside their nectar . . ."

No account of the Koya can be regarded as complete, which omits to mention the Koya dance. Both sexes take part in it, the men gaudily attired, with a peculiar kind of headgear, a sort of turban mounted on the top with bison horns, the women with more clothing than usual, their bodies anointed with turmeric and saffron. The women stand round in a circle with hands interlocked and move about clockwise and anticlockwise, all the time repeating a wailing melody, which is usually the description of a chase; the movements become rapid as the dance goes on; the men form an outer circle, and while some beat the tom-tom, others imitate the movements of wild animals. So it goes on, the tom-tom and the wail, till one, out of sheer boredom, cries halt and the weird dance stops.

Such are the Koyas, children of the jungle, honest simple souls. Pagans suckled in a creed, strange, but not out-worn; a lovable people.

M. K. V.

THE RUNA BRIDGE TRAGEDY

I

ONE April, I chanced to be in camp at M.—— a small railway junction, from which a branch line ran to an important farming area in the district. The travellers' bungalow was not far from the railway station, and one side of its compound fencing lay alongside a small stream, which, the first time I saw it, was glittering like a serpentine ribbon of quicksilver, shrunk to the narrowest compass in the middle of its bed, which elsewhere was covered with half-withered grass,

cropped short by grazing cattle and sheep. The prospect from the bungalow was entrancing—a level stretch of country dotted with green groves, views of distant mist-enveloped hills, and here and there, glistening sheets of water, which in the rainy season swelled into running brooks, and joined the meandering course of the aforesaid stream. Sometimes hidden between trees and sometimes in full view, the trains swept along in grandeur, between the junction and the farming area, making metallic music to the puffs of smoke trailing behind. The railway station itself stood behind a screen of foliage, through which the buildings and sheds, the locomotives and waggons, showed themselves through doubtfully-opening vistas by day; and by night, the lights glinted like fireflies; only the noise and clamour of busy life, almost deadened by the distance, now and then came upon the wind. The town itself was some distance from the station; only a few dwelling houses and a factory or two, not too close together, could be seen a few yards away.

To go back to my story, my stay in M.—— the first time did not exceed three days. The whole day long, I was busy with office work or visitors, but the nights were my own. The Bungalow Maty's quarter were in the same compound, and as I had not brought my own servants, he prepared and served my meals. Dinner over, my peons made my bed, took their own food and went to the Maty's house to talk scandal and spin yarns. Since the moonlight was so glorious, I strolled in the compound with a cigar between my teeth, and sniffing the jasmine-scented breezes, which came mingled with tobacco smoke. The Maty had done good work in the garden. The roses, amaryllis, oleanders and alamanders were kept in good condition. The border rows of crotons and pots of ferns had not one withered leaf to suggest midsummer. The antigonon threw a heavy mantle over the roof, and the purple clematis made an archway near the porch. Till eleven o'clock at night, I wandered in the garden, often standing under a clump of mulberries that drooped their branches over the wire fencing on the bank of the river, or sat up reading and looking across at the landscape beyond the water. The spot where the little river was crossed by a bridge of three spans, was indicated in the nights by the signal lights. Eleven o'clock was the time when the 33-up came swiftly, majestically, making a glorious show of its brightly-illuminated carriages. That was a sight worth repaying half a night's vigil, and I could never go to sleep till I had enjoyed it. Four hundred souls dashing on at a speed of thirty miles an hour, trusting in a tiny flash of red or green light between them and destruction!

The next time I went to M.—— a great change had come over the landscape. No moon or stars gladdened the clear skies of the night, but dark heavy clouds hung dripping overhead. The trees, in their

freshness and plenteous saps, rejoiced the heart of man. Blossoms made a blaze of lovely colour on the weather-beaten plants, and the ground, as far as the eye could see, was green with lush grass and newly-sprung weeds. The little pools were now muddy lakes, whose overflow escaped into the stream that raced along, filling its bed to the brim. Here and there, the rain water stood almost on a level with the railway bank, threatening breaches. From my bed-room windows only, could I now see the 11 o'clock Passenger come dashing down, bright and beautiful, for all the gray sheets of rain.

The second night, sitting in a low chair, I was watching for the train. Eleven o'clock was past, but no trace of the train was visible. Waiting for sometime more, I had almost decided to go to bed, when I thought I saw a red light instead of a green one near the bridge; but I was not quite sure. This set me wondering whether the water had risen to the top of the embankment and the line was in danger. My left hand had instinctively plucked the cigar from my mouth, but I was aware of leaning back and looking at the darkness and rain, with no particular or distinct thought in my mind. The first familiar sounds of the train coming from the distance roused me from a brown study, and my fixed eyes now moved to catch the earliest glimpse of it. There it was, coming in all its lovely splendour and cadence. I saw that the red light moved and flashed, but on the train came like a huge caterpillar. My soul was now seized with a deadly horror, perspiration dripped from my brows, the blood was rushing to my brain in waves of electricity, and my heart was going like a hammer. Unable to utter a cry, or even to breathe, I sat shivering, like one in a nightmare, who distinctly sees four hundred people rushing into the jaws of death. The sounds of the churning of water, when the wheels began to turn in the flood, a crash like the bridge giving way, and a mighty splash when the engine plunged into the roaring stream below, dragging the train behind, and the cries of the victims in the throes of death—my God, all this in one fatal minute! What a doom!

My peons were by my side rubbing their eyes, as if roused from deep slumbers—and I was on my feet. I suppose I had called for them and then stood quite dazed, not knowing what to do. Such a ghastly tragedy, and the curtain scarcely dropped, was it possible that these men knew nothing about it? Could it be real or only a hallucination? My eyes had witnessed the awful doom of train and passengers, and my ears had heard the heart-rending cries that were echoing still. I felt as if I had received a stunning blow on my head. I hesitated to say what was in my mind, but still I ventured.

"Those, who can swim, follow me to the river under the bridge."

My men opened wide their eyes and stared at me, as if I had ordered them to fetch fire from the throat of Vesuvius.

"Sir," they said, "A swim in this dead of night? Are you sure you will not catch a cold?"

My hand went to my head, as though scratching it would solve the problem. Suddenly, an idea flashed into my mind. It might have been a dream after all.

"Did the eleven o'clock Passenger come and go?" I enquired.

Another stare and the answer,

"We were asleep and did not hear it come, Sir."

One man went out of the room and returned with the Maty, who offered me a foaming glass on a tray.

"A glass of soda, Sir; you must be thirsty."

It was welcome, and I drank it, feeling all the time that it was soda plus something more, as it seemed to put courage and strength into me.

"Can you tell me if the 11 o'clock train came?" I now asked the Maty, and all the men exchanged looks of suspicion, as much as to say,

"Is he demented?"

"I don't know, Sir, but I think not. For three days, the train has been late, on account of breaches forty miles away."

"Expecting anybody by that train, Sir?" the peons asked.

I sat down in a chair and told them my story.

"Must be a dream, Sir," remarked one of the peons.

"Is to-day the 18th, Sir? Then, I can explain the whole mystery to you," exclaimed the Maty clapping his hands, while his face glowed with a sense of the dawning revelation.

"People talk a deal about a phantom train, Sir, but nobody knows exactly when it appears. Two years ago, on a rainy night like this, the bungalow was occupied by the Postal Superintendent on this very date. One of the household saw the spectre train and there was a great sensation about it. I connected the appearance of the train with floods and breaches, but not with the 18th of October and so, though I sometimes watched to see the phenomenon, it was not at the right time. I depended only on chance, and so I never saw the phantom of the wrecked train and its luckless passengers."

"But was there really such a wreck, and was it within your memory?" I asked eagerly.

"Less than ten years ago it happened, Sir, and then I was forty. I know every detail of the cause of the disaster, for was I not the butler of the ill-fated driver of the ill-fated train? I shall tell you the story, since you seem to be so anxious to hear it.

II

"Mr. Sullivan began life as a fire-man, but gradually rose to the rank of a loco-driver. He was a dark, tall and powerfully-built man, always fond of drink, but harmless in nature. After he became a driver and began to earn much, he could afford to employ a butler, and I entered his service. Till then, the only servant was the Thayee, who helped the mistress to cook, looked after the children, and did the marketing. My mistress was a very pretty woman, but exceedingly ill-tempered. Often, when she flew into a rage, she would make no difference between the Thayee and the butler, and strike me. But for the master, it would have gone hard with her, for, many times, I made up my mind to leave the house. She was always nagging and making everybody disgusted with her. She was always in need of money for clothes. As soon as pay came, they paid up their debts, and purchased all sorts of extravagant things, ate and drank like nawabs, but within a week the servants and the children would be going to the neighbours for loans. But somehow, everything disappeared in a short time and again there was want.

"If Mr. Sullivan was hen-pecked, his wife meekly obeyed Miss Nelly, who ruled the household according to her will. She was the eldest daughter and the handsomest of the children, some of whom were dark like their father and some fair like their mother. The eldest boy, Henry, was a ticket collector, the second was a vagabond, and then came Nelly. After her, there were a number of little children, who filled the house with noise and mischief.

"Everybody feared Miss Nelly more than her mother. Being very beautiful, she had always been allowed to have what she liked, and do what she pleased, so that she grew very headstrong and self-willed, and the servants and the younger children fought for her favour. The young men in the railway colony were mad after her. She flirted with each one in turn, received presents and sent him off. The girls were very jealous of her, for attracting their lovers to herself, and hated her for her pride in her own power over men.

"Once every five years or so, the railway officials have to undergo a medical test, and are kept on, only if they come out fit. When Mr. Sullivan was to appear before the doctor, he had serious misgivings about his eyes, for you see, the sight is the most important thing in the test, as the fate of hundreds of people hangs on the ability of guards and drivers to make out the meaning of a speck of light in the distance. To us it may mean a star, the torch of a shepherd looking for a stray sheep, in short, anything; but to them, it is a signal of safety or danger.

"My mistress and the other members of the family waited in intense anxiety to hear the result of the examination. When my master returned, he would speak to no one, did not touch his food, but only

drank, and raved of ruin and downfall. His wife began to weep and all the children were terrified, lest their father should put an end to his own life in despair.

"Miss Nelly, however, was unaffected. She told her parents that she would go immediately and speak to the medical officer, and change his mind about the verdict. Her boldness frightened the parents and they tried to dissuade her at first, but later on willingly consented, as they had full faith in their daughter's influence over the stronger sex, and welcomed the means, that would accomplish their desires.

"Well, Mr. Sullivan was continued in service, but he paid for it with his life later on.

"He was working the 33-Up, our 11 p.m. Passenger. Rain had been pouring for some days. The Runa Bridge was damaged, and the line washed off at one end. The pointsman had put up a red light. The stoker observed it, and warned the driver of danger, but Mr. Sullivan, who could not distinguish a red light from a green one, was also too tipsy with drink, to take advice from a subordinate. He not only failed to apply the brakes, but also neglected the usual caution limit when crossing the bridge, and drove with full steam turned on. It was a pitch dark night with dripping clouds and the train glided on like a shining caterpillar. Even after derailment, the engine flew at the same speed for some distance, and when the timbers of the bridge gave way, pitched itself into the foaming Runa river below, and the whole train rushed after it, except the chief guard's brake and a third class bogie, which broke off from their couplings at the shock and raced backwards.

"This is the story of the spectre train. Didn't you read about it in the papers, Sir"? I did not reply, but thought to myself, "Three hundred lives lost, and all on account of a woman. How sweet and tender and fragile women are and how meekly the strongest man bends to their will! Ah, these creatures; where would they be in the struggle for existence, but for their charms?—Hark, there it was coming, the real train!"

Sure enough it was. It was whistling, blast after blast, as if to waken the dead to life. The signal given, with its usual rumbling on the rails, its thousand shining windows in a row, the long train came nearer and nearer. I held my breath, not wisely, but instinctively, till I had seen the whole beautiful phenomenon pass safely over the bridge. By and by, I could distinctly hear it pulling up at the station.

"What happened to the other Sullivans?" I enquired.

"Miss Nelly married a stationmaster somewhere, after the house broke up. Mr. Henry continued in his place and Mr. Raymond left home. Mrs. Sullivan accepted the post of matron in a Protestant Mission Boarding School, and went there with her youngest child. The others she entrusted to Father Sylvestre, who put the boys and girls in convents."

H. KAVERI BAI.

"A DISSERTATION UPON THE ART OF SWEEPING"

THIS happened in the days when I was a student. I had had a hearty meal, and I staggered up a flight of stairs in the Second Student's Home, dragged myself to one of the wooden benches in the library, and threw myself on it panting. We had the most luxurious fare in the Second Student's Home. There were some among us who found the dues rather too high for us, and protested. Yet we never spoke of money. No gentleman in town, and especially no gentleman-student ever does or should. Rather, we threw ourselves into a fit of Spartan indignation, denounced all luxury, and posed as the champions of "Plain Living and High Thinking". It was all of no use; and when we found that our protests were unheeded, we helped ourselves to the tempting delicacies offered us, quite as heartily as the others; and why not? Did we not pay?

Well, as I was saying, I threw myself on one of the benches in the library. Study at the moment was clearly out of the question. Morpheus had greater claims upon me. Lounging cosily upon my bench, I looked down upon the old woman Thayee, who was stooping down and sweeping the floor, and the smile that passed over my face, had a tinge of Lucretian pleasure; and so I drowsed.

Suddenly, the stooping form of the old woman raised itself straight and stiff. The features became stern, and were haughtily fixed on me. I surveyed her from head to foot, wildly dreading what should happen next—when at last she opened her lips, and in slow deliberate accents spoke these words. It was strange that Thayee should speak English! But there she was! There was no denying that.

"Good Morning, Sir", she said with chilling coldness. "I know what is passing in your mind. I have heard some of you roar out from the fourth and fifth floors, 'Thayee, come with your broom to room No.——' Thoughtless young men that you are, you don't seem to realise the vastness, the greatness, and the antiquity of the delicate art, upon which you make summons in so light a fashion. I tell you sir, that Rome did not come into being in a day, neither did the art of sweeping.

"It is well-known that the primitive man, or rather woman, did not know how to sweep. Dirt gathered and gathered in houses, till their inmates were forced to quit them for new homes. All this is common history, and needs no repetition. In one of these houses lived Mr. and Mrs. Peruk. They lived quite happily in a house with dust up to their ankles, till one day Mr. Peruk happening to offend his wife—and regarding the cause thereof, our Historian is not precise—his lady rose against him in hysterics, and after having soundly belaboured him, hurled

him to the ground with such terrific force that he fell and mechanically, rolled a distance of two yards. I tell you Sir, (this was with an air of supreme patronage) I, Mrs. Thayee, with an experience of 50 years of married life, that such of you as are married, should take care that, whatever might be the matter, you should never offend your wives. Hath not the learned poet said in immortal lines that 'Hell holds no fury as a woman scorned'?

"That was not what came into Mrs. Peruk's mind at the time. What attracted her attention was, that the dust from a space of two yards had been completely cleared; and she did not fail to avail herself of this discovery. In short, Sir, she dragged her husband here and there, and there and here, till the whole room was quite clean. This was the beginning of our art, which has ever since been known as Perukkal, in honour of its first founder.

"It was a new discovery—and like many discoveries in the field of science, hit upon by mere chance. A net might hold water, but not a woman a secret. The news was communicated by Mrs. Peruk to her neighbours, and by them to their neighbours, and thus it spread like wild fire. It was no longer necessary to change houses so frequently as before. The demand being less, house-rents went ridiculously low. House-owners tendered insolvency-petitions, one after another. Violent quarrels between husband and wife, at specific intervals, became the order of the day. The divorce courts became extraordinarily busy and there was a distinct rise in the number of lawyers. Those were hard days for husbands—poor creatures! Those bi-peds could be heard on mornings, giving vent to their agonies—bleating, howling, wailing, squeaking, or roaring, according to the species they belonged to. The custom of sprinkling water after sweeping, which is even now prevalent, is, our Historian informs us, a relic of the practice by which wives in those days used to revive their 'Lords and Masters.'

"From the husband to the broomstick is a transition, which it took several centuries to evolve. It was some time before it was realised that a less valuable commodity might be used—and then the man gave place to an animal, a sheep or a goat. These in their turn gave place to a log, and for that was substituted a bundle of sticks and last of all a broomstick—in which, Sir, you ought to recognise the crown and the culmination of civilization. Now then, gentlemen! when you call upon Thayee in that imperious manner, bless your stars that you did not live in the days of Mrs. Peruk. Or perhaps, you did. Yes—You! You! You!"

This pointed reference to myself had probably some special appeal to my slumbering senses—I rubbed my eyes, awoke, and found Thayee, sweeping the hall, as calmly and placidly as ever.

N. CHENGALVARAYAN.

TRUE HAPPINESS!

RAMASWAMY and I were talking in his comfortable sitting-room. It was evening and everything was quiet and conducive to peace. Ramaswamy was, what may be termed, a success in life. At an early age, his brilliant intellect had made itself felt; and then had followed a series of successes and scholarships till he had finally attained to his present position, commanding a magnificent salary. Young and surrounded by all the comforts an eager modern civilisation could supply, Ramaswamy was the envy of all his friends and a target at which a great many parents, burdened with marriageable daughters, shot at with indefatigable energy.

"You are a lucky dog," said I, "you ought to be completely content with the world. Here you are, a young blighter, with no enemies, many friends and collecting a cool thousand a month; talk about being happy, my lad!"

"I am not quite so sure about that," mused Ramaswamy, "after all, material comforts are not the only essentials to happiness. It is not enough even to be in a state of complete amity with all one's relatives. I really do believe that true happiness depends upon the fulfilling of the longings of one's own nature. What do you think about it?"

I was rather taken aback by these words and after thinking for a few minutes, replied, "You seem to be right to a certain extent, but everything depends upon the nature of the man's desires."

"Not at all," he answered, "as far as I can see, there are no limitations to my statement. Why is a true criminal not happy when he is not committing a crime? Why cannot the sailor become a motor driver? Why is every walk in life, however seemingly bad it be, patronised by some man or woman? Why do I propose to give up all this and live up to my nature?"

I was aghast, I was astounded. All I could say was, "Don't be an idiot, Ramaswamy."

"Idiot or no idiot," replied he, "I am determined. If to be an idiot is what a man's nature is made for, by all means let me be one. I have the longing to give up all my wealth and position, to live the life of a beggar, to beg and receive, in fact to act as a living witness of the fact, that man is not only made to take, but also to receive. This will be our last meeting under the present conditions; next time we meet, I shall be a poor man begging for my livelihood from passers-by, and every penny I receive will gladden my heart, not because of the bread I shall buy with it, but because man is willing to give me a penny for nothing. Oh yes, my friend, the Almighty in His great wisdom made every one to be of some use in the world. Even beggars have their duties to perform.

Their function is to keep alive the feeling of magnanimity, which is one of the most glorious of human emotions. I wish the day will never come when economic advancement will lead to the elimination of the poor and needy. Then will that monster, Materialism, indeed be completely triumphant."

I argued with him for hours. I tried all sorts of means to dissuade him from his mad enterprise; nothing could shake him, not even my telling him of the sacrifices made by his people in order to educate him.

"If my father and mother were living now, I would not do this thing", retorted he, "but they are not, as you know, and therefore what ties have I? I have only my friends to consider. Friendship must be a weak thing indeed, if one action of a man can sever him from his friends. If my friends leave me, good; if they stick to me in spite of my poverty, better."

In the end I left him. I was in a rage. Ramaswamy was calm and collected.

Years went by. I had completely lost sight of my friend. He had vanished into the vortex of the mysterious depths of the underworld. But, I never forgot him. One day, a little street-urchin called at my house with a note. The handwriting made me jump. It was Ramaswamy's. He wanted me to come and see him. I followed the boy, who led me to a poor little room; and there I saw my friend. Was it indeed he, I wondered, lying gaunt and emaciated in bed? Yes, it was Ramaswamy, a broken physical wreck, but with eyes flashing with undaunted fire. He greeted me with a pleased smile.

"Hari," he said, weakly holding my hand, "this is good. I am so glad to see you. You know, how I have been living lately. I want to tell you that these last four years have been the happiest years in my life. It was my constitution that gave way, but what does it matter that I am dying now? I have kept to my ideals to the last and have enjoyed life. Do you remember our conversation in my sitting-room four years ago? Do not forget that true happiness is the ideal; by attaining it in your own way, you will be doing your duty to everyone. Now, I have to leave you. Thank you again for coming. Goodbye, old man." His grip on my hand tightened and then suddenly relaxed.

And so passed Ramaswamy, who attained happiness in this world, but chose a strange, hard path to get it.

W. R. S. S.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. The Stream of Life

"Oh valiant boatman of the dawn,
The shades of night have not yet gone,
The light of day is still unborn,
Where do you go this silvery morn ?"

"Oh stranger, far beyond the sea
My dream-land home is calling me.
This sea is but an earthly stream,
Which bars me from my heavenly dream.
Its waters are the depths of life,
Where dwell great sadness, woe and strife.
I sail towards dawn's gleaming doors;
Beyond those gates abide the shores,
Where love, with peace and glory dwells,
And joy, all gloomy thought dispels."

" Oh Boatman are you still afloat ?
I see your silent tossing boat
Its way through dancing sun-beams thread,
For the sun has journeyed far o'erhead."

" Ah Stranger, I have lost my home ;
Amidst these waves, I roam and roam.
I cannot find the gleaming shore,
Which shone this morn. I see no more
Those doors upon the Eastern side.
The gates that once were open wide
Are barred and closed. The sun's bright light
Has made me lose my heavenly sight.
Upon life's sea, I've lost my goal,
And worldly depths have robbed my soul."

"Oh Boatman, are you sailing still ?
For the sun has set behind yon hill.
The world is once more steeped in night,
And the moon arises, silver bright."

"Oh Stranger, I have found my way
For the moon has sent her kindly ray,
To guide me to celestial lands.
Can you not see these silvery strands
Dancing straight ahead of me?
This is the path I've longed to see.
And far beyond, behold the shore,
Its portals opened wide once more.
At last, I've found my wondrous dream.
Ah! Fare thee well, I've crossed life's stream."

P. SATTHIANADHAN.

2. The Joyous Pilgrim

From a distant sun-kissed dell
  Love waves to me, and calls.
O! Love has such a wondrous voice,
  Its sound my heart enthralls!
The music of a thousand birds
  Scatters in her laughter;
And echoes, like sweet silvery bells,
  Come faintly ringing after.
The beauty of a wealth of dreams
  Dances in her eyes,
Love-thoughts, clothed in joy, that point
  The way to Paradise.
Laugh on, dear Love, I come to kneel
  A Pilgrim at thy shrine,
I bring thee naught of gold, but here's
  My heart, and it is thine!

LELAND J. BERRY.

FRIENDLY CHATS

Companionship in Marriage

IT is a common consolation among Indians that their system of early marriages and arranged marriages conduces more towards domestic happiness than the method in vogue in the West, of allowing young people to choose their own mates for themselves, when they come to an age of discretion. No doubt this is true in many cases. The other day, when reading a novel, I came across a discussion about love, in which a man affirmed that the ordinary high standards and ideals of love were more or less useless in real life. Love in ordinary life was by no means

the extraordinarily superior and chivalrous feeling that romance interpreted it to be, but just a common-sensical adoption of mutual thoughts and interests. There would be many disappointments in it; but, like many other human adjustments, it knew how to adapt itself and still remain as love.

And yet, an adverse thought came to me. Most Hindu marriages are no doubt happy ones. The couples get along together comfortably and amicably. There are no vital quarrels and disagreements, as in the West and no divorces. The husband consults the wife on all domestic matters; she is the Queen of the house; every respect and consideration is paid to her; and there is no lack towards her of the reverence due to womanhood. The Indian woman makes also an ideal mother; and, I think, there is no attitude in the world so touching as the respect and obedience given by the grown-up Hindu son to his mother. Moreover, the Indian woman comes second to none in self-sacrifice, devotion, modesty, chastity and domesticity.

Still, I would pause a little before heartily congratulating ourselves about our domestic arrangements. Does all this that I have been describing make much towards forward progress? A contented and happy existence, no doubt, does not pull one back in life's race; no doubt it forms a sound basis for construction and building-on; but, I think, it is more negative in influence than positive, more passive than active. Let us consider it a little.

Is there true companionship in Indian marriages? In the first place, the good agreement is chiefly in domestic matters. Public affairs, sometimes, do come into the conjugal horizon. But, do husband and wife discuss and talk together on the following matters?—(1) Books. Do they read together or feel together on literary subjects? Do they dream together over heroes and heroines? (2) Spiritual and moral questions. Do they argue about the deep matters, which conduce to human moral welfare, or do they just take things for granted and pass on from one day to another. I am aware that the latter condition often obtains among Westerners also; but the fact remains that their women usually have definite thoughts about such matters. (3) Recreation. Do they play games together? I know a family, in which both the men and women play tennis quite well, but never have I seen them playing together in public. When asked the reason, they merely shrug their shoulders and smile. The man says, "She is too shy. I know she will not play with me. She is afraid of what the old women will say." The lady, on her part, affirms, "It is not the custom. Besides, he has not asked me." (4) Society. Do they go to clubs together? No, there are separate clubs for men and women. If husband and wife go to a function together, they usually separate at the door and sit apart. In Church, even among the Indian Christian community, it is the same.

There are several other points that I can mention, but these are enough to show that the companionship of Indian couples is more or less too commonplace and humdrum and mediocre, not as in the West intimate and exciting and provocative. The first thing that struck me when I went to London was the fact that usually a man and woman are seen together, walking side by side with smiles and happy conversation; whereas here in the East, we usually see the man stalking along before the woman, and never a word or a smile passes between them. No doubt, marriages in the West mean separation and divorces; no doubt it often happens that the husband and wife in high society mutually and amicably agree to go their own ways, no doubt that the couples one sees in public are not often man and wife. But still, do not educated people generally prefer the Western companionship to the Eastern? One must not forget that the morbid ideas of modern marriage in the West came chiefly after the War, and that they are again being lost sight of in still more modern adjustments. I think the pendulum of domestic happiness in the West is again swinging back; at least I hope so. Even if it does not, I feel that the Western ideal is worth-while, with all its perplexities.

Moreover, one must not forget that, while accusing husbands and wives of going their own ways in the West, something of the same sort is also happening in the East. Men and women, as we have seen, each have their own friends, their own amusements, their own society, their own occupations. They do not meet on a common plane, except in a very common-place way; very seldom with humour.

Again, in the matter of children, Indian mothers are wonderful in their devotion, but how far can they express it? Can they advise their grown-up children and enter into their lives, as vividly and intimately as Western mothers do? Can they play with them, or laugh with them, or be children with them, as Western mothers are? No. No doubt, obedience to parents in the West is growing less and less; but I would have it remembered that respect and love need not always include obedience. Individuality can go as well with filial love, as implicit submission.

Again, let us consider another point. As Indians are getting into higher official positions, it happens that many of them have to become camp officers. Now, I would like to know how many Indian women accompany their husbands to camps? Not many, I am afraid. No, they prefer to stay at home with all their conveniences about them. "What is the use of our going to camp?" they will ask. "We shall be in the way of the men; we shall cause more expense; besides, who will look after the house left behind? But, if we stay at home, everything will go on well there, and the men will come back with renewed zest to their home lives."

This is quite true indeed; but, on the other hand, how happy are the European officers when their wives accompany them to camp? The difficulties are augmented by the complication of the women; but they are worth-while in the gain of companionship. One must not forget of course that in the East the question of children complicates matters. European mothers leave their children in Europe and can spare time for their husbands in India; but Indian women have usually to look after shoals of little ones. This is correct indeed; but what I object to is that, apart from this difficulty, the *desire* of companioning their husbands everywhere, as much as possible, does not often enter into the mentality of Indian women. If it did, a way would be found to surmount obstacles. Does it not happen that some Indian girls manage to study in colleges after their children are born?

So, I think, the bitter-sweet companionship of the West is to be preferred in many ways to the insipid-sweet association of the East. Domestic happiness may be chequered, but it is worth-while. In many ways, it must be a leap in the dark; but, as the proverb says, "Nothing venture, nothing gain"; and "Faint heart never won fair lady". It is better to progress in the dark, than sit still in the sunshine.

"AMICUS".

FASHION SUGGESTIONS FOR INDIAN LADIES

"DID you know that S—— has returned from England?" asked my friend of me one day.

"Oh, has she," said I, "I wonder if she is as mad as ever."

"I hear she is looking extremely pretty now, and has created quite a sensation in our little town."

Here, the conversation about S—— dropped for the time being, but a few days later, it was renewed again.

"I say," said my friend, "do you remember I told you that S—— had come back from England, and was looking extraordinarily pretty? Well, I heard to-day that her prettiness is due to nothing but paint, and now, that her little trick is discovered, she is considered to be as plain-looking as ever."

I chuckled when I heard this. Really, what fools women are, to try to change their complexions by artificial means!

After all, as every one knows, true beauty consists in its reality. When it is artificial, it ceases to be beautiful. Why then, do so many women ignore this time-honoured fact, and seek to make themselves beautiful through artificial means? In the West, it has become the common custom for almost every woman to use powder and rouge. Inside the hand-bag of almost every lady, reposes her little powder-puff, her lip-

stick, and her tiny mirror; and often and often is she seen even in public places looking into her mirror, colouring her lips and whitening her cheeks.

The question which intrigues me most is, do men like women better for painting themselves? Made-up women know that men suspect that they are artificially made-up, and surely every right-minded young man prefers a natural complexion to paint and powder. Why then, do some women, whose chief aim is to attract the opposite sex, stoop to means that will really make men recoil from them? This is a question, which ignorant people such as I, cannot answer. I should, however, like to mention a joke, which I once read, which was something like the following:

First Man:—(Looking at a beautiful girl) I say, is she naturally so beautiful?

Second Man:—No, not naturally, but cosmetically.

It is with a great feeling of distress that we come across many of our Indian ladies following their Western sisters in this unfortunate habit of using cosmetics. Our aim in India ought to be to take the good points of the West, and leave the bad alone; but in this case, the bad point seems to appeal to many of our ladies. A pity, we say, and shake our heads; but we do not realise that we old-fashioned ladies are in our turn pitied by the forward ones. I once saw an Indian girl stop in front of her mirror, and violently powder her face with some sickly-looking pinkish-white stuff. I looked on with an air of superiority; but what was my surprise and consternation when Miss Vanity Fair suddenly turned round on me, and with a scornful glance, looked me through and through and said, "*You* don't use powder, do you?" as if I was too poor to afford to buy the wretched stuff, and was therefore debarred from the luxury of using it.

For my part, I think our own old habit of blackening the eyes, and placing the little caste-mark on our forheads is much more becoming than imitating the Western habit of rouging our lips and powdering our cheeks. Of course, I am not advocating the use of cosmetics at all, but what I mean to say is, that if any make-up is necessary, as some Indian ladies seem to think, it would be far better for them to make themselves more attractive by using their own Indian make-up, than by smearing their face with powder. It requires on-lookers to tell them how very ridiculous they look with their brownish complexion showing through the artificial white. Of course, a little powder put on the face, and completely wiped away, is quite a different matter, for this only tends to freshen the complexion. But, to deliberately try to make oneself lighter in colour through the means of powder, is not exactly telling the truth.

Let me end by stating that a girl, who is absolutely natural, in her behaviour, dress, and complexion, is much more appreciated, than one who seeks to hide her deficiencies by artificial means.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

Chapter XIII.—Vaccination

VACCINATION is a process by which we induce the disease of small-pox in a modified form on ourselves. By doing so we protect ourselves against small-pox. The vaccine employed is usually taken from a calf suffering from cow-pox.

When we consider the ease with which we can confer immunity and protect our children against small-pox, it looks nothing but criminal negligence to keep any of them unvaccinated.

The process is quite simple. The vaccinator washes his hands as well as the arms of the child with soap and water. After a thorough drying of the arms, the instrument which should be thoroughly sterilised by boiling, is used and a small area of the skin is scarified. To this scarified area, the vaccine is applied.

When vaccination is properly done, and when it is successful, a small eruption is observable at the points of vaccination about 36 hours after the performance. This grows larger, and about the fifth day some fluid collects inside and the summit looks depressed. This enlarges and becomes surrounded by a red, thickened edge. It attains its characteristic stage on the 8th day when it is large, flat, and umbilicated. For the next two days it enlarges slightly and becomes surrounded by a wide areola of inflamed red skin. At about this time, or a day or two prior to this, there may be some fever, and marked itching sensation of the parts. On the 11th or 12th day, the stage of decline begins. By the 14th or 15th day, it is converted into a scab which is detached after a week or two. At the height of this condition, i.e., from 7th to 10th day, the glands in the axilla may become enlarged and painful and the child ill.

As the vaccinated area is attended by a good deal of itching in the later stages, the child is apt to scratch and so break the vesicle, which then becomes usually the seat of pus-formation. Under such circumstances, it is likely to be inoculated into other parts of the body by finger nails, where fresh ulcers form.

The degree of immunity conferred by vaccination varies; but when successfully done, it is almost complete, and the individual, if exposed to the contagion of small-pox, either escapes from it, or if he contracts the disease, he suffers from it in a more or less modified form. The duration of the protection afforded by primary vaccination in infancy is uncertain, and re-vaccination is necessary at the age of 9 or 10 years.

In the presence of an epidemic, there should be no hesitation in vaccinating even the youngest infant. Under some circumstances, vaccination may be postponed to a convenient time and be performed between the ages of one and two years. It should not be done if the child is suffering from any skin disease accompanied by much discharge. A certain amount of judgment must be exercised in the case of weak children. As a rule, children bear it well, and it should not be deferred if the disease is epidemic anywhere near.

Complications.—These are rare in healthy children and in whom the vaccination has been performed with all precautions. In unhealthy infants and as a result of uncleanliness, deep ulcers form over the vesicles and they take a long time to heal. I have seen some instances in which the ulcers went as deep as the bone in both the arms, and the unfortunate children undergoing agonies of pain for months. Sometimes skin diseases develop. Sometimes a quiescent malady may be lighted into activity by vaccination, and I have known mothers who date the illness of their children from the day of vaccination. The commonest complication seems to be the formation of superficial ulcerations over other parts of the body.

Treatment after Vaccination.—If the skin over the arms is thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water, so that no bacteria remain, vaccinal ulcers will seldom form. The vaccinated area should be covered with a piece of sterilised gauze after the vaccine has become dried, and held in place by means of adhesive plaster. Or, what are known as vaccination-shields of suitable size can be employed. These will keep the vaccinated areas clean and dry and the clothing from adhering.

The child can be bathed as usual, except when there is fever or any constitutional illness. After a bath, the parts should be gently dried, and some dusting powder[1] applied. Over this the *shield*[2] or the dressing should be kept.

If ulcers form, they should be given the appropriate treatment.

CHAPTER XIV.—CHICKEN-POX

Chicken-pox is an acute eruptive fever, caused by the invasion of a specific micro-organism whose nature has not yet been clearly made out.

Causes.—This is a disease seen only in children ; a majority of cases occur between the 2nd and 6th year. It occurs in epidemics and is communicated by direct contact. The period of incubation is from 10–15 days.

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[1] The best dusting powder consists of equal parts of Zinc-oxide, Boric acid and Toilet powder.

[2] The vaccination shields can be obtained from Messrs. Spencer & Co. The size of the arm should be specified while ordering.

Symptoms.—A child in normal health suddenly becomes feverish, the fever, however, not being very high. Vomiting is generally present. Within a few hours, the eruptions are seen, first on the trunk, either back or chest. They may also occur first on the forehead and behind the ears. The eruption is at first a raised hard swelling, which, in a few hours, is transformed into vesicles containing clear or turbid fluid. By the third or fourth day, the eruptions begin to shrivel and are converted into dry crusts which drop off in the course of a few days. Fresh crops of eruptions appear during the first two or three days, so that on the fourth day, one can see the eruptions in all stages of development and decay. The fever, though mild, does not leave the patient until all the rash has appeared. Vaccinated children are not immune to this.

Diagnosis.—The disease may be easily confounded with small-pox.

Prognosis—is always good; and if a cáse dies, probably the diagnosis is wrong. Complications should however be guarded against and not invited by carelessness. The pocks take a long time to disappear.

Treatment.—A child suffering from chicken-pox should be put to bed and isolated from other healthy children. It is not, however, so contagious as measles or small-pox. Healthy children should be kept away for at least two weeks. The diet should be milk. The bowels should be kept loose by a dose of castor-oil, or calomel ½ grain. Flannels and woollens should be avoided and a cool, loosely-fitting muslin gown should be worn. The daily bath should be suspended, until the eruptions have disappeared. The skin should be dusted with some dusting powder, such as face powder, several times a day. A paste made by grinding *nim* leaves with cold water and applied to the vesicles is cooling.

The child should be prevented from scratching the eruption, as that might set up an attack of erysipelas.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. Padmini of Chittore

PADMINI was a Rajput among Rajputs, those brave men who warred so bitterly against their Mohammedan conquerors. She was the beloved and beautiful wife of Soorj Dehu, the chieftain of a small state. He had no real house or fortress of his own, but lived in tents. However, his thousand warriors loved him and were his faithful followers in everything. He was a good and true man, a faithful friend and a noble foe.

His wife was as good and brave as himself. Truly as she loved her husband, she never grudged him to his duty. She allowed him to go into every danger, and waited patiently at home for him. At last, however,

their happiness came to an end. Soorj was in the habit of leading little attacks against the Mohammedans. In one of these, he was basely betrayed and made captive. His enemies tried to make him give up his own religion. They insulted him and even tortured him; but in vain. The Rajput bravely withstood all their efforts, and laughed at them. He was thrown into prison almost at the point of death.

His people heard of this sad state of affairs. Quickly, a little force was got ready to go to his rescue. But the brave Padmini knew they could really do nothing. Only craft and guile could succeed against the Mohammedans. She dressed herself as a nautch-girl, and taking her brothers-in-law with her, she went into the camp of the enemy. Somehow, she found out where her husband lay a prisoner. She went before his cell and sang an old song to him. Soorj was nearly dead with his torments; he was in pain and extreme weakness. But, he recognised the song, and opened his eyes in surprise. There was his own beloved Rani in front of him. He held out his hand to her through the prison bars, and she took it into her warm clasp, and spoke words of love and comfort to him. At last, he died, with his eyes fixed on her sweet face.

Then, Padmini sang and danced as a nautch-girl so wonderfully, that she was taken before the Captain himself. His heart grew hot with love for her. He gave her a ring and bent forward to clasp her fair hand. But her other hand pulled out a dagger. She stabbed him to death and cut off his head. Then, she went to her brothers-in-law, who were standing on guard beside her husband's dead body. She asked them to build her a funeral pyre. On it, she had the body of Soorj laid, and sitting beside him, with his head on her lap, she was burnt to death, like all true Rajput wives.

The two brothers-in-law gathered the ashes of the beloved dead into a clay urn, and rode away. But in the Mohammedan camp, arose cries of wailing and sorrow over the dead captain.

K. S.

2. Our Letter to Our Young People

DEAR CHILDREN,

I think I shall write something about a great man this time, instead of plants or animals, or those sorts of things. Have you heard of Charles Lamb? I am sure you must have, because it was he, who together with his sister Mary, wrote the famous Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare. He has also written a great many Essays, which have become very famous. I want to tell you something about one of those Essays this time. It is called *Dream Children*, and it is an extremely beautiful little piece, which I am sure you will love. I hope you will read it as soon as possible.

Before talking about the essay, however, I should like to say just a few words about the life of Charles Lamb. You know, he had an extraordinarily sad life, which has all the more appeal for us, because he was a good man, and yet was always forlorn and lonely.

Charles Lamb was born on February 10th, 1775 at London. He was the youngest child of the family, and he himself tells us that he was a very "lonely child", a child who loved to wander about by himself, and dream wonderful dreams.

When he was seven years, he went to Christ's Hospital, and stayed in school until he was fourteen. After that, he worked in the employ of the South Sea Bubble Company for three years.

His home life was very sad. There was a tendency in his family to insanity. Charles Lamb, himself, it is said, was shut up in an Asylum for six weeks; and his sister, Mary Lamb, suffered a great deal from it; and one day, worn out by their fight against poverty (for they were a very poor family) she became raving mad, and actually killed her own sick mother. She was then taken to an asylum, where she gradually recovered.

Charles Lamb now knew that it was up to him to comfort his poor father, and try and get his sister cured, for his elder brother was selfish, and never offered to help the family.

About this time, Charles was very fond of a certain young lady but he had to sacrifice his affecticns, because of the poverty of his family. He looked after his father very carefully, but his exertions were in vain, for the old man soon died. Charles's next work was to try and release his sister from the madhouse; and in spite of his brother's opposition, he soon had her set free, promising to look after her himself. After that, he spent his whole life in taking care of his sister. Alas, what a sad life it must have been! I shall just quote this little passage about the brother and sister.

"Mary Lamb was always conscious of the approach of her illnesses, and submitted voluntarily to medical treatment. Charles Lloyd once met the brother and sister in the fields near Hoxton, both weeping bitterly, walking hand-in-hand towards the asylum."

Charles Lamb worked in the India House, but he did not like his business very much, because his was a free and poetic soul. He retired on a pension in 1825, and nine years afterwards, he had a fatal accident, and died in 1834. His sister Mary lived many years after his death.

This then, is a short sketch of Lamb's life, a sad life, yet full of unselfish genuine devotion to other people. Such men are indeed hard to find!

On reading the essay, *Dream Children*, you will all see that Charles Lamb must have been very fond of children.

He gives us a vivid picture of his two little dream children, Alice and John, who listen spell-bound to the stories he tells them about their great-grandmother, and their uncle, for "Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children." He tells them how he loved their uncle John; "I bore his death" he says, "as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do,—yet I missed him all day long,—and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb.—Here the children fell-a-crying,—and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; . . . . . when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance." And so, his dream children gradually disappeared, saying, 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams.'" And Charles Lamb awakes from his dream, and finds himself seated in his "Bachelor arm-chair," where, "he had fallen asleep."

Alas, how we wish this dream of his could have been true!

I am afraid my letter has become very long.

Good-bye until next month.

Your sincere friend,

PADMINI.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

Apple Sauce

8 tart apples	1/3 cup of sugar
½ cup of water	½ teaspoon butter

Wash, quarter and pare the apples, add water and cook gently until tender, stir until apples are well mashed. If any lumps remain, rub through strainer, add sugar and butter and stir until sugar has melted. If apples are very sour you may add more sugar. A little nutmeg or cinnamon may be added for those who like it.

Green Peas

Shell 2 lbs. of peas and just cover with boiling salted water. Add one teaspoon of sugar. Cook until tender (from 15 to 20 minutes) uncovered. The water should be almost evaporated. Add 1 tablespoon of butter. Cover and shake gently until butter has melted. Peas cooked this way are green and have a wonderful flavor.

Jellied Chicken

Dress, clean and cut up a four-pound fowl. Put in a kettle with one small onion cut in halves. Cover with boiling water, and cook slowly until meat falls from bones. When half-cooked, add 2 teaspoons of salt. Remove chicken and cook chicken stock down to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup. Strain and skim off fat. Decorate mould with cooked green peas and slices of hard boiled eggs. Remove all the meat from the bones and skin and pack in mould. Season with salt. Pour on stock and place mould under a heavy weight. Keep in a cold place until firm. When ready to serve, unmould on bed of crisp lettuce.

Boiled Greens Salad

The outside leaves of lettuce beet-tops, turnips-tops, Swiss chard, or spinach may be used. Any or all of these may be boiled in salted water uncovered until tender. Drain and when cool pack into a mould, large or individual. When ready to serve, turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg or slices of tomato. Serve with a simple boiled dressing.

—From 'Children,' The American Magazine for Parents.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

Baby's Knitted Shoes

Cast on 16 stitches.

Knit on them in plain stitch, increasing 1 at both ends of the needle in every alternate row, till there are 32 stitches.

Knit 12 rows without increasing.

Then, decrease 1 at both ends every alternate row, till there are 16 again.

This is the sole.

At the end of the last row, cast on 12 stitches for the heel.

Knit plain, increasing 1 at the toe end, in every alternate row, till there are 36 stitches. Starting at the heel end, cast off 22, and continue for 16 rows.

At heel end, cast on 22, and continue, decreasing 1 at toe in every alternate row, until there are 28. Cast off. This is the instep.

Sew up the shoe. For the strap, knit up 20 (10 on each side of the back join).

At both sides, cast on 14.

Knit 48 stitches plain for 2 rows.

Next row ; knit 2, cast off 2, knit to end.

Next row; knit to 2 from end, cast on 2 over cast-off stitches of last row ; knit 2.

Knit two more rows and cast off.

Sew a button on end of strap.

OUR NOTES ON HEALTH

(Selected)

Cocoanut water is the first component part of the cocoanut, we are immediately concerned with. It is a cool and delicious drink being about 25° cooler than the atmosphere. It is a demulcent, exercising a soothing and softening effect on the mucous membranes. It acts also as an aperient. It is extremely beneficial to diabetic patients, whose thirst it assuages and whose exhaustion it relieves. The *cocoanut milk* is a refrigerant, nutrient, aperient, diuretic and anthelmintic (i.e. an agent that kills and expels intestinal parasites and worms from the system). The *tender pulp* is nourishing, cooling, diuretic and refrigerating. The *fermented juice* constitutes the spirituous liquor called toddy, while the *unfermented juice*, taken twice or thrice weekly by a pregnant woman, is said to have a marked effect in the pigment of the infant. The *cocoanut oil* is an antiseptic and is used externally. It destroys bugs and lice and other insects which are disease-carriers and form the scourge of humanity. The fine complexion and the luxuriant growth of hair of the Malabar women-folk, are mostly the result of their profuse use of cocoanut oil. It is also a good substitute for adulterated ghee and can be used for preparing confectionery.

Ages ago, our forefathers had discovered the variegated uses and usefulness of the cocoanut and had enjoined it as the principal offering to the gods on festive occasions and a worthy present to friends and relations in marriage ceremonials. This was the means they adopted to popularize the cocoanut and introduce it as an indispensable article in the daily dietary of the Hindu. Cocoanut water is used in Abishekams, in anointing the gods, especially Shiva, the last of the Hindu Trinity. Stripped of its allegory, it means, cocoanut water cools and invigorates the system, quenches thirst and abates anger and lust. We trust our readers will discard ice of doubtful utility and revert to this wholesome beverage during summer, securing thereby good health and longevity.—*The Health.*

Snake-bites

There is only one certain remedy for snake poisoning and this is the anti-venene. The initial dose of it is 100 c.c. and the shorter the interval between the bite and the injection of the antidote, the more favourable are the chances of recovery. A second or third dose may be injected, if the symptoms are not subdued. It is prepared at Kasauli and is only curative in the case of the cobra and Russell's viper, if injected in time. To be of use, it must be injected direct into the blood stream of the person bitten by the snake, as in that case it is rapidly absorbed and the poison neutralised quickly. The anti-venene must be as fresh as possible and that made at Kasauli retains its potency for about a year, and loses 5 to 10 p.c. of its power in the interval, but it retains a fair degree of potency for a much longer period. It has however been observed that children and small persons require proportionately a larger dose than adults.

Permanganate of potassium is another remedy, which is much used as an antidote for snake venom, but it is of no value when once the poison has got into the circulation. To be of any use, a ligature should be applied promptly and tightly a little above the bite in order to prevent the poison from being carried by the blood stream into the whole system. The wound should be

opened up with a knife freely to let out blood, and then a few crystals of permanganate of potassium pressed into it to destroy the poison. The ligature should not be allowed to remain for more than half an hour, or else the part might become dead or gangrenous for want of blood supply. It is, however, very doubtful if permanganate of potassium can do any good when once the venom introduced into the living tissues becomes locked up in them.

Charms, cures and antidotes to snake-bites are advertised and sold in market, but all these are absolutely worthless. People very often go in for them or for the *ojhas*, who generally enjoy the reputation among the villagers of curing cases of snake-bites, and so lose much valuable time. Apparent cures by these means are really attributable to various causes, such as when a victim has received a sub-lethal dose of the poison, or been bitten by a non-poisonous snake or without the poison being injected, or bitten by a snake which has spent all its poison previously. In case of a snake-bite, every minute is important, and no time should be lost in putting on a ligature and sending for a doctor, or removing the victim to the nearest hospital for treatment.—*The Health.*

Gold Treatment for Tuberculosis

Sir Humphrey Rolleston, physician to the King, in his presidential address at Ventner at the sixtieth annual meeting of the Governors of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, described the use of gold as an injection for the cure of the disease.

"Dr. H. Mollgaard's 'sanocrysin'—a preparation of gold salts—has been proved experimentally," he said "to be a means, not only of arrest, but actually of cure of tuberculosis in animals."

Sir Humphrey's statement recalls the fact that centuries before the beginnings of modern medicine the old alchemists believed in the curative properties of gold. Chaucer's doctor in the "Canterbury Tales" is described as saving-hard in order to obtain some of the precious metal for his "physik."

Two other methods of combating consumption were alluded to in the annual report—treatment by artificial collapse of the lung, not only in unilateral but in bilateral cases and surgery, which the report adds, is showing that several types of previously incurable chest disease are now able to be relieved of every symptom.

Sir Humphrey said that the fundamental principle of rest for the body as a whole in cases of tuberculosis had during this century taken a great step forward in the adoption of special local rest for the affected lung by the performance of Artificial Pneumothorax (artificial collapse of the lung), or by surgical methods.

Residence in a sanitorium for a few months did not invariably lead to the final cure of tuberculosis. There was always a danger there might be a relapse, when the patient returned to conditions in which he had to struggle against men who were not so handicapped.

An appeal was made for £20,000 with which to modernise the hospital buildings and extend the treatments.

A physician described the gold treatment to a reporter. It consisted, he said, in the injection of a fluid made from the salts of gold into the veins of a patient. This was done in small graduated doses, up to an optimum. Naturally, this treatment was expensive. He had adopted it with success in many cases.—"The Pioneer".—*Wealth and Welfare.*

Educative Value of Music in Childhood

The predisposing cause of all our actions is the emotional condition of our body. Each emotion effects a certain kind of action and a complicated action is the result of a combination of emotions. So, it is possible to resolve an action into a chain of emotional aspects of the body. Our actions, interpreted in this way, can therefore be kept under perfect control, even in a state of tense emotion, by keeping vigil over our emotions.

The question then naturally arises. Is it possible on all occasions, and especially when we are so fed up with an environment, to maintain perfect dynamic control over emotional tendencies, and is there anything by means of which we could balance our personalities in times of storms and stress? Yes, there is Music.

Its powers are many and varied, and on all crucial occasions it comes to us like a saving-angel.

Music gives sunshine to the heart. It is strength-giving and invigorating, not only to the aged but also to the expectant mother and the child in the womb. A child's character is determined by the disposition of its mother during her pre-natal period. Therefore it is essential that a pregnant woman should be placed amidst most harmonious and pleasant surroundings. If a woman is susceptible to the beauties of music, it will certainly yield her strength and by doing so, improve the pre-natal condition of her child.

Every child must be educated in the art of music. All arts of music-making should be included in the daily curriculum of studies. Thereby, we open up avenues to every child which will help him in times of need to find a way to a constructive self-fulfilment and happiness. But, it is not at all the motive of such a compulsory education in the art of music, to develop children into professional musicians. By equipping every child in this way with the technique of music, we not only teach him to produce beautiful sounds, but also to express lofty feelings and thoughts very akin to idealistic action. It is better if music is taken with dance, poetry and drama. For, it will give an opportunity of taking shelter in an imaginary ideal world of beauty and peace, when confronted with the storms of life. A musically-equipped child cannot therefore lead a wretched and lonely life.

The child provided with such education, can have no difficulty during the period of adolescence in which the future life is determined. There cannot be any going astray or marching downwards, for every extension and intensification of emotional interest and every longing and desire which manifest during this period, have a channel of outlet or expression through singing and playing. Music is a panacea to a child in distress, and to a child which is subnormal. It gives succour, battles for them and helps them out of the vicissitudes and hardships of life. It also reforms truants and delinquents, by providing occupations for their over-abundant energy. To the crippled, defective, and neglected child it gives work. It stirs up his imagination, inspires him to live in a fairy land of never-ending joy, peace and comfort. It increases their hold on life and health as well, and life itself appears to them worth living with the one object of realizing the most beautiful through music.—*The Health.*

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

The Education of Girls in the Punjab

H. E. the Governor of the Punjab, thus reviewed the position of girls' education in the Punjab. His Excellency said that, while during the last five years the number of boys going to schools had doubled and reached the figure of over a million, boys and girls that were taught at the recognised schools were only 93,991. It was further calculated that it took 75,000 girls at the school to produce two thousand and a quarter who might be called literate, and to provide 84 candidates for the Matriculation standard. These figures showed that female education seemed to be both wasteful and ineffective, but the cause seemed to lie in the special difficulties surrounding the problem of female education in this country. He was afraid many local bodies were most niggardly and ungenerous in their treatment of girls' schools, and these schools were first in the line of retrenchment when economy in local body finances became imperative. Similarly private and denominational organisations seeking aid for girls' schools were few and far between, compared with those which were asking for such aid for boys' schools.

The Governor held that, amid much that was baffling and disheartening, he saw no ground for despondency. The Punjab Ministry of Education, after a thorough inquiry, came to a conclusion that the prospects of a speedy advance in the sphere of higher education among girls were distinctly bright, and if some local bodies were still apathetic, the Provincial Legislative Council took keen and sustained interest in the subject.

The question of correlation of women's education to the needs of their homes was being debated all over the Province as a live issue. Conferences on women's education were being held, from which Amazons sallied forth determined to battle for their sex, and to wake the Rip Van Winkles holding the money bag, from their long sleep. (Applause.) The thoughtful had begun to perceive that if male education proceeded far in advance of female education, then it was likely to become, not a blessing, but a danger, by adding another handicap presented by injurious disparity between the sexes to those who were groping about among the dark places of the problem of girls' education.—Associated Press—*The Madras Mail.*

New Women Members in Parliament

Thirteen women have been returned to the House of Commons, nine of them Labour Women, three Conservatives, and one Liberal. This is the largest number that has yet been elected, and it may even yet be increased. But there were 60 candidates, and the fact that so many have been defeated is a bitter disappointment to all those who believe that women members of Parliament can render a special service and that their presence on certain committees is in fact essential.

The Conservatives, who put forward a small list, have gained no new women. Mrs. Hilton Philipson could not be persuaded to stand again, and now they have only the three women who stood for re-election, Lady Astor, the Duchess of Atholl, and Lady Iveagh, a distinguished and important trio destined once more to be overwhelmed by letters from women in all parts of the country The Liberals have lost Mrs. Walter Runciman, the only woman who represented them in the last Parliament, and Mrs. Wintringham, whose return was expected, has been defeated. Miss Megan Lloyd George is left all alone, the one Liberal woman in the House. One feels sure that the task will not daunt her, but she must review with regret the band of older women, and of women younger than herself, who would have represented her party very worthily.

The nine Labour women form a brilliant team. Mrs. Dalton, who was returned at one of the last by-elections and spent only a few weeks in the House, considered that she could employ her time better and did not stand for re-election. With that exception, all those who served in the last Parliament, including Jennie Lee—who scored such a success at the Lanark by-election that everyone felt sure she would come back,—have been re-elected.

The five additions are notable. Dr. Ethel Bentham, who has been elected for East Islington, has contested that constituency at four consecutive elections. During that time she has worked up what was originally a small Labour vote with such characteristic energy and determination that she has fairly earned her success. Dr. Bentham was one of the first women magistrates, and she has a string of scientific letters after her name. She has served for many years on local authorities, and is a member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party. Greatly interested in maternal and child welfare, she organised the baby clinic in North Kensington which bears the name of Margaret MacDonald and which was the first clinic of its kind in England. This is one of her dearest interests.

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton's election for Blackburn deprives Miss Ellen Wilkinson of the distinction of being the only woman novelist in Parliament, but members need not be afraid that she will, like Miss Wilkinson, be inventing imaginary adventures for them as she listens to their speeches. She has the more devastating quality of being an excellent critic chiefly of literature.

Miss Edith Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E., is regarded with immense respect by the members of the women's societies to whose executives she belongs—chief among them the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship and the Y.W.C.A. It is often said that she looks like the reincarnation of a mediæval abbess, so dignified and commanding is her air, but she is a very kindly comrade. At one time she spent several years in India organising branches of the Young Women's Christian Association in that country and only regretfully relinquished the task because of a serious illness. She has published several books.

Dr. Marion Phillips, who is a doctor of Science, is an Australian by birth but came more than twenty years ago to this country where she very soon associated herself with the Labour movement. She has been organising secretary of the Women's Trade Union League and general secretary of the Woman's Labour League and now she is chief woman officer of the Labour party, and editor of the "Labour Woman." No woman in the movement is better known.

Mrs. Walter Runciman was the first wife of a member of the Commons to sit in the House. Lady Cynthia Mosley now succeeds to the distinction of sitting in the House of which her husband is a member. She is likely to be a popular member, for in addition to beauty and charm she has a capacity for friendship and she is sincerely interested in her new career.—*The Manchester Guardian.*

A Statue to Mrs. Pankhurst

The Prime Minister has consented to unveil a statue of Mrs. Pankhurst at Westminster Emmeline Abbey. It is a fitting tribute to a great woman. The presence of this statue will surely inspire and enthuse our new women members of Parliament to carry on the struggle further. Mrs. Pankhurst is surely one of the great women of the world. Such mark of honour to women's greatness helps the younger women to realise that the nation is awakening to its responsibility and to the justice of the fight for the woman's freedom in England.—*Stri Dharma.*

The Champion Mother of the World

THE WORLD'S BIRTH RECORD

All records are completely out-classed by that of an Italian woman, Signora Gionetta, of Nocera, Naples, who in nineteen years of married life, gave birth to fifty-nine boys and three girls. In nine years, she had eleven sets of triplets, three times she had four at a birth, and on one occasion she gave birth to five boys and a girl.

The case is quite authentic, and about 27 years ago a petition was presented to the Italian Government asking for an annual pension for the woman, who had established the world's birth-record.

So far as can be gathered, the honour of being the mother of the biggest family in England belongs to the late Mrs. Mary Jonas, of Chester, who had thirty-three children—fifteen pairs of twins, and three singly born. Every child was born alive, and the record is inscribed on a headstone in Chester cemetery, where the champion mother is buried—*The Torch.*

The Windows of the Mind

The 'Lady Julian', an English recluse of the 14th century, lived in a room with three windows. One looked into the Church towards the light which shone through the East window. So she looked towards God. Another window opened on the outer world; to this wayfarers would come to tell their troubles and to ask for advice and prayers. The third window was that through which she communicated with the maiden who daily attended on her. Likewise every soul has three windows for God, for strangers and for familiar friends; and those who make much use of the first will often be called to the second and welcomed at the third, and those who neglect any of the three will know loneliness.—*Woman's Outlook.*

The Ethics of Scandal-mongering

A clergyman in the provinces has just founded a league for the suppression of scandal. The members take a pledge neither to talk scandal, nor to listen to it for the next twelve months. I do not propose to become a member, and I will tell you why, writes Y. Y. in "The New Statesman."

In the first place, I like my friends, and I should lose them all if I protested against their talking scandal. I have not a single friend who does not occasionally talk scandal, and we talk scandal about our common friends as well as about our common enemies. Probably, my friends talk scandal about me when I am not there. I do not object if someone does not repeat it to me.

Scandal at its finest is the truth that we tell behind a man's back, because it would be unkind to tell it to his face. It is truth in its humanest form. I have many friends who would be deeply pained if I told them everything I think and know about them. I have many friends who would pain me deeply if they told me everything they think and know about me. Hence, when we are together, we leave many things unsaid at the back of our minds.

This silent criticism does not mean that we are not sincerely devoted to each other. We like people none the less, because we think things about them that we should never think of telling them we think. There are friendships of such perfect intimacy, that there is no need of concealment on either side, but they are rare. As a general rule, when you see two friends together, you see two hypocrites, each of them a little less critical of the other in speech than in thought.

And this is as it should be. The "candid friend" is the least tolerable sort of friend. Let him be as candid as he likes behind our backs, but let him not humiliate us by telling us unpleasant truths about ourselves that we know as well as he does but do not talk about. On the other hand, the strain of not telling the truth about a man to his face would become unbearable if we could not tell it to somebody. Hence we tell it to a third person, discreetly chosen as a person who will understand.

Boswell talked scandal about Johnson in a book, such as even he would have shrunk from repeating to Johnson's face. We do not regard this as a blot on their friendship. On the contrary, Boswell is universally praised for refusing to listen to Hannah More's appeal to observe the mild hypocrisies of friendship in his biography.

Not all forms of scandal, of course, are equally commendable. Even the most ardent champion of scandal could find little to say in favour of that kind of scandal-mongering, which consists in giving away secrets that have been confided to us by a friend. This is mere treachery. The ethics of scandal permit us to talk only such scandal as will do no one an injury. Hence, we have the right neither to betray our friend's secrets, nor to tear their reputations to pieces in the presence of strangers.

It is as important, to my mind, to be not quite candid about one's friends in the presence of strangers, as it is to be not quite candid about them to their faces. Scandal about friends is legitimate only among friends. Scandal about acquaintances, on the other hand, is legitimate in the far larger circle of acquaintances. One of the rules of the game is, indeed, that the better you know a man, the more restricted is your right to talk scandal about him.—*Wealth and Welfare.*

The Nilgiri Ladies' Club

The increasing popularity of Ootacamund not only as a South Indian, but as an All-India Hill Station, has shown up with increasing clarity one cardinal defect in its amenities, the lack of a Ladies' Club. Ootacamund is well supplied from the point of view of recreation with other Clubs and the reconstitution of the Assembly Rooms no doubt served a very useful purpose. But until the present season, there was in Ootacamund no Club where Indian ladies could meet, especially the large number of Indian ladies of high family, who retain the Purdah custom. The result was that, while ladies from many different parts of India visited Ooty, they had no opportunity of meeting one another, and very often the monsoon afternoons and evenings must have seemed to them a dreary and tedious time.

This season, however, a number of ladies have taken the initiative and under the Presidency of Her Excellency Viscountess Goschen, a ladies' club was inaugurated. Lady Barton, Lady Todhunter, the Zamindarni of Telaprole and the Zamindarni of Kumaramangalam are Vice-Presidents, and the Honorary Secretaries are Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Madan; while Mrs. H. G. Stokes is the Honorary Treasurer. These along with six Indian and English ladies form the Executive Committee of the Club. The Club is founded on a strictly purdah basis and is intended to be a meeting place for ladies, Indian and English, where Indoor and Outdoor Games can be played. There can be little doubt that in Ootacamund, such a Club has before it a very bright future.

During the present season, the Club meetings were held twice a week at "Glyngarth", the residence of the Zamindarni of Kumaramangalam. But, while these meetings were both enjoyable and successful, it is obvious that the Club must shortly launch out into premises of its own. There are already over sixty members, and this number is certain to increase rapidly. It has been found almost impossible to rent a suitable house, and the Committee have therefore decided to appeal for funds for the purpose of building a club house. The building itself need not be a very elaborate one to begin with, but as so many of the members will observe the custom of purdah, the grounds must be spacious and carefully laid out. It is estimated that the entire cost will amount to about a lakh of rupees and it is for this amount that the Committee are now issuing their appeal. The Rani of Chettinad has already headed the subscription list with a generous donation of Rs. 10,000 and it is hoped that as very many ladies must be interested in the scheme, others will come forward and contribute with equal generosity. The Committee in issuing this appeal are persuaded that there can be no object more worthy of support from the public-minded. Apart altogether from the social benefits such a Club would confer and its effect in further popularising Ooty as the finest hill station in India, there are to be considered the permanent educative value of such an institution and the part it must play (the part which can be played only by such an institution) in the emancipation and advancement of Indian womanhood.

Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, The Nilgiri Ladies' Club, "Rockport," Ootacamund. All sums received will be gratefully acknowledged and a list of doners and subscriptions will be published in the press.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. Mrs. A. J. Appaswamy, Guindy.
2. Khan Bahadur E. V. Amoo Sahib, Palghat.
3. G. Damodara Rao, Esq., Tellicherry.
4. A Govinda Menon, Esq., Tellicherry.
5. Miss K. Goonawarden, Ceylon.
6. Zamindar of Idaiyakottai.
7. Stanley Jepson, Esq., Bombay.
8. S. Krishna Bhagath, Esq., Tellicherry.
9. Mrs. E. H. Lazarus, Berhampore.
10. W. H. Mitchell, Esq., Cannanore.
11. Mrs. C. D. Muttannah, Mercara.
12. Dewan Bahadur T. C. Narayana Kurup Avl., Tellicherry.
13. Mrs. G. Roy, Calcutta.
14. M. N. Ramaswamy Iyer, Esq., Cannanore.
15. Mrs. B. V. N. Rao, Waltair.
16. Mrs. G. Samuel, Palayangudi
17. Mrs. A. Varughese, Chowghat.
18. S. Venkatarama Iyer, Esq., Tellicherry.

Printed by H. F. Hilmer at the Methodist Publishing House, Madras
and Published by Mrs. K. Satthianadhan, M.A., Cannanore.